

EVENTS OF INTEREST
IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

Let the Woman's Page bespeak the woman—let it be a help to those who desire help; a comforter to those who need comforting, and above all, let it be a friend to every woman.

WOMAN AND THE HOME

DOMESTIC HELPS AND
AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES

The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that a great many German soldiers had gone home on furloughs and she did hope the people would soon be well and strong again and be able to come back on foot.

AFTER THANKSGIVING SALE

AT CAESAR MISCHE, INC.

The right to be called "The Bustiest Clothing Corner in Bridgeport" is being maintained by the wide-awake firm of Caesar Mische, Inc., as they have announced for Saturday a special Saturday bargain event which they say will present very unusual values. As winter weather has only just arrived this should lead people generally to buy liberally. This is not a sale event confined to one or two departments, but each part of this credit clothing department store will have something to offer, including an especially good assortment of fur coats for women, misses and fur lined coats for men, fur sets and separate pieces. Tomorrow will be a particularly favorable opportunity to select practical Christmas gifts, for no deposit is required and whatever is bought may be paid for later in small weekly amounts.

Mrs. Beale Van Vorst, American author and Hughes Leroux, editor of the *Matin*, were married in Paris in the presence of the United States Ambassador.

Myron T. Herrick, retiring Ambassador to France, was a guest of six of the most prominent Americans in Paris, at a dinner given in his honor.

CITROLAX
CITROLAX
CITROLAX
It's a laxative, of course—and the nicest hot weather drink you ever tasted. Flushes thoroughly, and pleasantly too. P. C. Chrysler, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "Have used Citrolax for 15 years and this Citrolax has got everything else beat a mile." Try it. Hindle Drug Store—Adv.

Let Us Fill Your Fanny
JOHN RECK & SON

Easy & Practical
Home Dress Making
Lessons

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper
by Pictorial Review

FOR GENERAL WEAR.



Since the velvet frock made in one piece continues one of the reigning winter modes, the designers of smart clothes find it necessary constantly to produce new models. Brown corduroy is used for this dress, which is made without a lining and has long one-piece raglan sleeves trimmed with buttons. The average size requires to make about 4 yards of 44-inch or 45 yards of 46-inch material. If silk or linen be used for the collar, 1/4 yard will be needed.

The pleats at the side of the skirt give it the necessary fullness demanded by the latest style. The back gore of the skirt is laid on a lengthwise fold of the goods when cutting, while the front is placed on the opposite edge, on a lengthwise thread. Also arrange the front, sleeves and pleated panel for the skirt on a lengthwise thread. The back, like the back gore of skirt, is laid on a lengthwise fold of material.

A word is added regarding the construction of the waist, because of the new robe effect. First, under the front edge, having double "oo" perforations and front edge with material 1 1/4 inch wide. Turn under edges of front and back on slot perforations, lap folded edge of back on sleeve with small "o" perforations, notches even; stitch 1/2 inch from fold. Sew round collar to neck edge, notches and center-backs even. Lap folded edge of front on sleeve and collar to small "o" perforations, notches even; stitch 1/2 inch from fold. Close under-arm and sleeve seams as notched. Pleat sleeve, creating on slot perforations, bring fold to small "o" perforations. Close cuff seam as notched, sew to short sleeve, double "oo" perforations and seams even. Gather lower edge of waist between double "oo" perforations, sew stay to gathered edge, centers even, small "o" perforation at under-arm seam. Sew standing collar to shield as notched, attach, bringing large "oo" perforation in shield and in front together.

Proceed to make the skirt and attach to waist. Two-inch wide webbing is needed for the stay, 1/4 yard being required.

CUTTING GUIDE



Pattern of 54 inch material without nap. Patterned April 30, 1907.
Pictorial Review dress 1.
Size 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches.
wide. Price, 15 cents.

These Home Dressmaking articles are prepared especially for this newspaper from the very latest styles by The Pictorial Review.

DAY NURSERY HAS
SOLVED PROBLEM
FOR THIS MOTHER

How Tot Is Cared For In Main Street Home While Mother Toils.

Here is a picture of five-year old Eleanor Petro, whose father is dead and whose mother lives in two rooms on Fairfield avenue. Eleanor is one of the hundreds of little children who have been cared for at the Day Nursery on Main street during the last year.

When Eleanor's father died about a year ago, her mother was left penniless. She had nothing but a few sticks of furniture in her two rooms and she had the baby girl and herself to support. How the child was to be cared for while she was at work in a local factory was the problem which confronted this bereaved mother.



ELEANOR PETRO.

er, but the Day Nursery solved the problem, and now Mrs. Petro takes the little girl there every morning on her way to the factory, and calls for her again at night on her way home after the day's work.

During the daytime while Mrs. Petro is at work earning \$5 a week in a factory little Eleanor is bathed, clothed, fed and given instruction in kindergarten work at the Day Nursery, all without charge to her mother. If it had not been for the Day Nursery, Mrs. Petro would have been compelled to leave Eleanor committed to the county home through the probate court and this would have meant the lifelong separation of mother and child, because a mother must legally agree not to seek her child after its commitment to the county institution.

In the case of Mrs. Petro and Eleanor, as in the case of hundreds of other similar cases, the Day Nursery has provided opportunity for widowed and deserted mothers to work for a living and at the same time keep their little homes and their children in the neighborhood. In order that the work of the Day Nursery may be continued during the coming winter the Associated Charities for Industrial Relief, an institution of purely a local character which has never received financial aid from the city, county or state, will give a historical dancing pageant at the Lyric theatre on December 2d, 4th and 5th. More than 800 of Bridgeport's best known young people will make up the personnel of the company which is to earn money for Bridgeport's most deserving charity work.

Tickets for this elaborate dancing pageant of the prettiest girls in Bridgeport are now on sale at Steinert's music store, 915 Main street; but the demand for the tickets is heavy and the capacity of the theatre for all the performances of *Vanity Fair* will soon be sold out.

FEEDING THE BABY
ON A SCHEDULE

In many instances I have found that all that was necessary to do to change a bad baby to a good baby was to straighten out his schedule, says Dr. Roger H. Bennet, of the *Healthy Baby* in an article on Baby's Schedule, in the *Woman's Home Companion*. A baby who eats whenever he wants throughout the night, not only robs his mother of sleep but is fretful during the day. It is astonishing to see how one small infant can upset a household.

The feeding times divide the day into sections and are, therefore, usually the basis upon which we found our daily schedule. If the baby is fed at three hour intervals, from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m. and once in the middle of the night, the day's work may be planned with the hours in view. It is usually the six o'clock feeding in the morning that gets the day started wrong, if baby persists in waking up at five or half-past five, or if perchance, both mother and baby sleep half an hour after the six o'clock feeding hour is due. If then the three hour feeding interval is adhered to for the day, the feedings do not come at the hours that have been mentioned. Getting a wrong start in the morning is often unavoidable, and need not make things go awry for the day, for although we may not be sure of the time of the early feeding, the next feeding should be begun promptly at nine o'clock, whether the first interval has been four hours or two and one-half.

Just as the early morning feeding may be varied without interfering with the day's program the last feeding at night may be put off an hour or so until Mother goes to bed herself. This schedule may begin with birth and continue until near the end of the first year. The three-hour schedule is mentioned because it is a general rule that only sick babies, or babies that are very much under weight need to be fed any oftener. For the first three or four months, one feeding between the 9 or 10 p. m. and the 6 a. m. feedings is necessary and this usually comes at 2 a. m. when the baby

Laura Jean Libby's Daily
Talks on Heart Topics

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OLD FASHIONED
FATHERS-IN-LAW

"Love exacting nothing back
Never knoweth any lack;
Love compelling love to pay,
Sees him bankrupt every day."

Many a lover looks on with dismay as he sees the style of fathers-in-law changing. If he is an easy-going fellow, spending his salary as he makes it on his sweetheart, it makes all the difference in the world in his future prospects.

The old-fashioned father opened his arms and his heart to his daughter's suitor. The tying of the marriage knot untied the old gentleman's purse strings. The young man moved from a rear room on the third floor of a boarding house to a sumptuous alcove room in father-in-law's mansion. From that time on he never had to worry with the cares of getting his bread and butter. He was daughter's husband! That settled it!

The new-fashioned father-in-law is heart and soul in sympathy with the views of the "spug" ladies in regard to useless giving. Before he answers the all-important question as to whether or no the young man can have his girl he makes no bones about instituting a series of inquiries which will influence his decision. He would have a guarantee from the young man's employer that he earns enough to support a wife; a certificate from a reputable physician that he is physically sound from head to foot. He would have the assurance from his relatives that he is reasonably gentle and good tempered. Even his tailor would be expected to be heard from as to whether he was extravagant or not. There wouldn't be a nook or cranny of his past life but that a searchlight of inquiry would be turned on. There would be no uncertainty as to daughter being provided for by the husband.

It's a Predicament For The
Young Man In Love

If he tells the truth—that he has a heart full of love, but little cash—then to one he loses the father's consent. If he misrepresents his financial condition to the girl and weddeth her, she will refuse to move into an air castle with him. She wants a home on a solid foundation. He loses her faith in him, her esteem, and he stands in imminent danger of losing her love in the bargain. If there's anything which a wife refuses to forgive it is a deliberate falsehood from her husband. She wants to know the truth as to what he is worth. The new-fashioned father-in-law does not keep house—when his daughter's engagement is announced he closes up his domicile and hires himself to a hotel. Quite as soon as the daughter's marriage takes place, the old gentleman engages passage for a trip abroad. He is of the belief that a young couple should be left alone to hoe their own row.

His gift to the bride and bridegroom is—in the place of a check for a goodly sum—a book of terse advice as to how to start married life. It begins with "Every son-in-law should paddle his own canoe and not look for help to father-in-law. He shouldn't commence with a flourish, buying an automobile, for instance, when the trolley is more suited to his pocketbook. He should begin to make money as soon as possible, laying aside a tidy sum which father-in-law could make use of these panicky times should occasion demand. He shouldn't lean upon father-in-law's name and fame to help him along in his business. Furthermore, the young man should not count too much on inheriting father-in-law's fortune, especially if he is a widower who believes that man was never meant to dwell alone and who is of the opinion that a good wife is a man's greatest blessing."

By the time that son-in-law has read thus far in the book, he realizes there have changed; that it is the son-in-law who is the homemaker and

that he is expected to provide for a pa-in-law. The new-fashioned father-in-law makes it so hard for the indolent fellow who would marry a girl that the young man takes a second thought as he aspires to the hand of the heiress whom he couldn't support. Everything happens for the best. He weds the poor young girl who is willing to take him for his love alone. He knows she has no expectations and he is obliged to put his shoulder to the wheel. The old-fashioned son-in-law can win his way on his own merits to a father-in-law's heart if he does what is right by his daughter.

MISS LIBBY'S REPLIES
TO YOUR LETTERS

(Correct name and address must be given to insure attention, but not to print.)

(Address letters to Laura Jean Libby, 516 President Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

The Heart of a Fair Divorcee

Dear Miss Libby:
I am a young man of twenty in love with a young woman of twenty-three. She has been married living with him only six days. He wasn't true to her. I dearly love her and I believe she loves me. Do you think we could get along together if married, she being older than I? We both have light hair and are about the same type. Your advice will be very much appreciated.

A. B.
Why not keep company with the lady a year or so longer or you propose marriage? In the interim, think the question over carefully. At the end of that time if you are both as much in love as you now believe yourselves to be, I see no reason why you should not wed.

Start Wooing Over Again

Dear Miss Libby:
Please advise me, I have been going with a steady fellow quite awhile. On account of a little quarrel he has not called me up for some time. Have asked him out home a few times after our quarrel to card games. He always gladly accepted my invitation. He never rings to come of his own accord. I am in love with him. Wish to know how to win him back. Please advise if I am right in asking him out, when he does not ring to come out himself.

BROKEN HEARTED "DOLO."
Calling up should be reversed. It is he who is to call you up and to show and interest and an eagerness for your friendship to be renewed. Many a backward lover is spoiled by receiving attentions he should bestow. It is his place to ask you out. If given a little time, he may, when he is ready start over again with his wooing.

His Heart Is Sad For Her

Dear Miss Libby:
I am a girl of eighteen, discouraged. Last fall I met a young man. Was going with him. Lately he seems distant and cold. Friends say I am the cause of the way he acts. What am I to do? I thought he cared for me. I loved him lately—don't care for him as I did, but can't think of him going with any one else. He looks so sad. I think he cares for me. What am I to do? What do you think of him? I do to?

SAD HEART.
It is foolish to dwell upon the uncertainties of a man's change of action. If without a cause on your part he can turn cold, not letting you know of the why and wherefore, what good reason is there for you to cherish fond hopes of him any longer? I think if he sees you are independent he may want to make up with you. Never otherwise.

Laura Jean Libby

by wakens of his own accord.
The very first thing baby should be properly trained to do to sleep by himself immediately after each feeding. So should not be rocked to sleep nor walked to sleep, nor fed to sleep, because he learns how to sleep alone, and if he does not he may be taught very easily. Many mothers observing that their babies go off to sleep as they are finishing the nursing, get the idea that babies cannot go to sleep in any other way, so if baby cries when he is being put into his crib mother takes him up and nurses him again, and as soon as he is asleep stealthily lays him down and tries not to waken him. Finally baby learns this trick and will not go to sleep without the apple in his mouth, or unless he is in mother's arms.

Handy in
the Pantry

For the finest kind of bread—
The most delicious biscuit—
Light and beautiful cake—
"Mouth-melting" pastry and pie crust—
Every time—use

Heckers' FLOUR

the choicest flour in all the world
Handy-in-the-pantry for all household uses.
At All Good Grocers.

HECKERS' CREAM OATMEAL—REALLY THE CREAM OF THE OATS

NOVEMBER
JOE
The Detective
of the Woods
by Hesketh
Prichard.

Copyright, 1913, by Hesketh Prichard

(Continued.)
As we approached Joe hailed him. Planx was a thick shouldered, stout man, his big chin thrust forward in a way that accentuated the arrogance of his bulging lips and eyes.
"Ho! It's you, Joe!" he cried.
"Yes, Mr. Planx."

"That is lucky, for I need your help. My daughter was murdered yesterday. The words made me gasp, and not me only."

"Miss Virginny?" cried Joe. "You can't mean that. Nobody would be so brutal enough to kill Miss Virginny!"
As we walked Planx gave us the following facts: It appeared that he had been spending the last two weeks in a log hut which had been built him by a friend, Mr. Wilshire. His household consisted of one servant—his daughter's nurse, a middle-aged woman whom they had brought with them from New York—two guides and a man cook. On the previous day Miss Virginny had taken her rod after lunch, as she had often done before, and gone off to the river to fish.

"At 5 I went to join her. She was not there. Her rod lay broken, and there were signs of a struggle and the tracks of two men. I shouted for Ed, the old guide. He came running down, and we took up the trail. It led us straight over to Mooseshank lake. The ruffians had put her in our own canoe and gone out on the lake."

Planx paused and presently continued:
"We went round the lake and found on the far side the spot where they had landed the canoe. Landing up into the woods from that point, we again struck the trail of the two men, but my daughter was no longer with them. When they left the canoe they were going light. They must have drowned her in the lake. It's clear enough. Presently I saw something floating on the water. It was her hat."

"Had Miss Virginny any jewelry on her?" asked Joe.
"A watch and a necklace."
"What value?"
"Seven or eight hundred dollars."

"Huh!" said November reflectively. "And what did you do after finding her hat?"

"We trailed the two villains until they got on to some rocky ground. It was too dark then to do more, so we returned. Five thousand dollars if you lay hands on them," he said.

"By the river the traces were so plain that any one could read them—the slender feet of the victim and the larger footprints of the two men. The fishing rod, snapped off toward the top of the middle joint, had been left where it had fallen. It seemed as if the girl had tried to defend herself with it. Next we went to the lake."

November literally nosed his way along. The moccasin tracks of the two men showed faintly here and there on the softer parts of the ground.

"Looks as if they were toting something," said Joe. "They must 'a' carried her. Stop! They set her down here for a spell."

Another moment brought us over the rise and in sight of Mooseshank lake. I halted involuntarily. The place seemed created for the scene of a tragedy. November had pushed on to the spot where footprints and other signs showed where the men had entered the canoe. The deep slide of a moccasin foot in the mud seemed to tell of the effort it required to get the girl embarked.

"They took her out on the lake and murdered her," growled Planx. "Dragging? There's no use dragging, that water goes plumb down to the root of the world."

After that we went around to the other side of the lake and saw the beached canoe. The two sets of moccasin tracks showed clearly on the strip of mud by the water, but were soon lost in the tumbled debris of a two-year-old stony landslide over which trailing appeared quite impossible. November was busy about this landing place for a longer time than I expected, then he crossed the landslide at right angles and disappeared from our view. Soon he came hurrying toward us.

"She isn't dead."

"What?"
"Anyways, she wasn't when she passed here. I have a proof here that you will think mighty good." He drew out a little leather case I had given him and extracted from it a long hair of a beautiful red gold color. "Look at that! I found it in the spruces above there."
Planx took it gently in his great

fingers. He was visibly much moved. For a few seconds he held it without speaking, then, "That grew on Virginny's head, sure enough, Joe. Is it possible my girl is alive?"
"She is, sure! Don't be afeared. You'll soon have news of her, I can promise you that, Mr. Planx. This wasn't no case of murder. It's just an abduction. They'd never be such fools as to kill her. They're cuter than that. Isn't she your daughter? They'll hold her to big ransom. That's their game!"

An ugly look came into Planx's eyes. "That's their game, is it? I'm not a man that it is easy to milk dollars from," said he.

By this time it was growing too dark for Joe to work any longer. We crossed the lake with Planx, and that night Joe and I camped near the end of Mooseshank lake, where a stream flowed from it.

At dawn, while we were having breakfast, Joe stood up and stared into the trees that grew thick behind us. As he called out I looked back and saw the indistinct figure of a man in their shadow watching us. He beckoned, and we approached him. I saw he was young, with a pale face and rather shabby town made clothes.

"Don't you remember Walter Calvey, November?" he said, holding out his hand. "I was with you and Mr. Planx and—ah—her last year in the woods at Mooseshank lake."

"Huh, yes, and what are you doing here, Mr. Calvey?" asked Joe, shaking hands.
"I heard about Virginny. How could I keep away after that?" exclaimed Calvey.

"You've no cause to fret yet," said Joe.

"What? When they've killed her? I'll go with you and if we can find her—"

"Huh! She's not dead! Take my word for it!" Joe's gray eyes gave me a roguish look. "Why, I've got a thing here in my pocketbook you'd give me \$100 for!" He held the red gold hair up to the light of the rising sun.

Calvey shook his head to foot. "Virginny! You couldn't find her match in Canada! Tell me!"

"I can't wait to tell you and you can't wait to hear. Light out now. Old man Planx could make it unhealthy for you."

"You're right! He hates me because Virginny won't marry Scholberg of the combine. He hasn't let us meet for months. And more than that, he's ruined me and my partner in business. It was easy for a rich man to do that," added Calvey bitterly.

"You go and start into business again," advised Joe. "I'll send you word first thing I know for certain."

But it was some time before he could induce Calvey to leave us. After he had gone I wondered what Joe suspected him of having a hand in kidnapping away Virginny. Presently I asked him.

Joe shook his head. "He couldn't have done it if he wanted to. He's a good young chap, but look at his boots and his clothes—he was bred on a pavement, but he's Miss Virginny's choice for all that. Well start now, Mr. Quarrich, just when I found that bit of gold caught in a branch that hangs over the little stream up above there. You see, she lost her hat, and she has a splendid lot of hair, and so when I could find no tracks, for they came down the bed of the stream, I searched 'bout as high as her head. I guessed she'd be liable to catch her hair in a branch."

But we had hardly started when we heard the voice of Planx roaring along the wood below us. He was coming along at an extraordinary pace in spite of his ungainly, rolling stride.

"You were right, Joe; Virginny is alive! It is a case of abduction. See what I have here."

He held a long stick of wand in his hand. The top of the wand was roughly split, and a scrap of paper stuck in the cleft.

"Ed's just found this in the canoe on the lake," he went on. "These black guards must have come back in the night and put it there."

"What have they said in the paper?" asked November.

(To Be Continued.)

Let Us Fill Your Fanny

JOHN RECK & SON

No matter what you want
Try The Farmer Want Column.